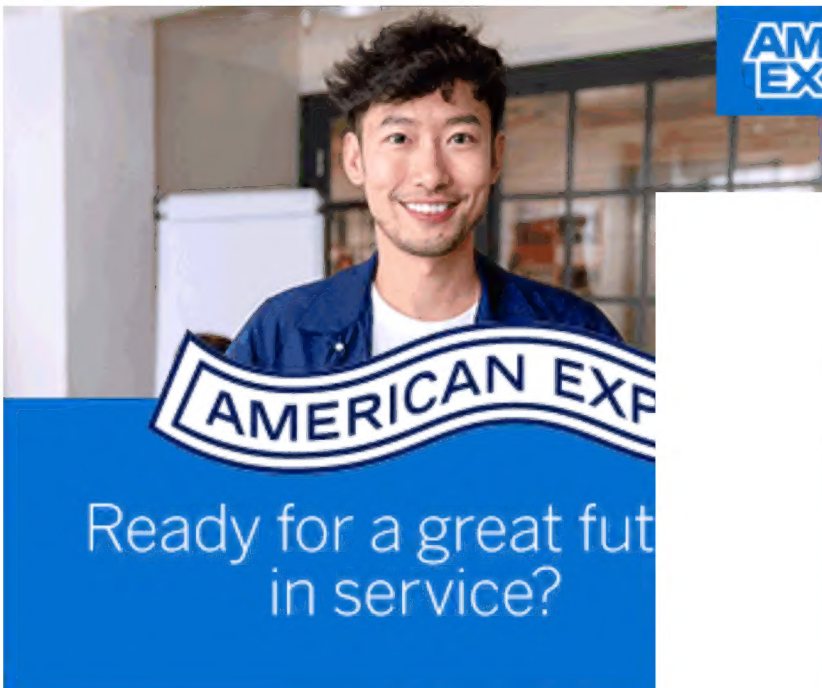




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### C1040: Unbounded Voyager (2)



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"Sound of the breeze?" Wu shi, Guild Leader Han, and the others were stunned before turning to look at their surroundings.

The sound of the breeze was extremely light, mixed in with the rustling of the leaves. Previously, they had thought that it sounded calm and peaceful, putting them in a state of tranquility. Listening to it once more, however, they thought that it sounded sinister, and they couldn't help but tremble in fear.

"Let's try sealing off our hearing," Guild Leader Han said.

But even after the both of them did so, the wind continued to whistle right in their head, keeping them tightly under its control.

Zhang Xuan shook his head and sent a telepathic message to them.

"It's futile. The sound of the breeze is a type of demonic tune. Even if we seal our sixth sense, it will still travel to our soul directly, making it impossible to fend it off."

If it was possible to seal of demonic tunes just by covering one's ears, it wouldn't have been worthy of the adjective 'demonic', let alone exist as a unique occupation that had been passed down for more than several dozen thousand years.

The duo released the seal on their hearing and asked anxiously, "Then, what do we do?"

Unable to ward off the demonic tune, they would be trapped in this hell of perpetual movement. It had not been easy for them to get into the ancient domain; were they really going to lose their lives at the very start?

"Principal Zhang... since you were able to sense that it's a demonic tune, do you have a solution for it?" Wu shi asked anxiously.

After a moment of contemplation, Zhang Xuan replied, "This is the demonic tune from an 8-star demonic tunist; even I can only barely ward it off myself. If we intend to pull the others out of their trance, we will have to overcome the demonic tune with one of our own as well!"

He had noticed the demonic tune the moment he entered, and through his comprehension of demonic tunes and his Heaven's Path zhenqi, he was able to ward it off himself. However, he hadn't found a feasible to quell the demonic tune yet. There didn't seem to be any other way of going about doing it other than to overwhelm the sound of the breeze with his music, but to do so, he would have to achieve the level of proficiency comparable to an 8-star demonic tunist!

"Overcome the demonic tune with one of our own?"

The faces of the duo paled.

Where were they going to find an 8-star demonic tunist from out of the blue?

If they had a person of such capability in their ranks, the members of the expedition wouldn't have fallen into a trance in the first place.

Zhang Xuan shook his head. "This demonic tune should be around the level of 8-star primary, or else your Primordial Spirits would have been affected by it as well, causing you to be unaware of your injuries like the others. However, my level of proficiency in demonic tunes is only at 6-star pinnacle at the moment. Even if I use my full strength, I won't be able overcome it."



The sound of the breeze was equivalent to the playing of an 8-star primary demonic tunist, or else there was no way Guild Leader Han and Wu shi would have been able to retain their consciousness before the sound.

Nevertheless, it was still at a level that Zhang Xuan couldn't stand against; his current strength was still too weak.

"What do we do then?"

"Do any of you have 7-star demonic tunist books?" Zhang Xuan asked.

If he could gather sufficient 7-star demonic tunist books to compile the 7-star Heaven's Path Demonic Tune Art, he would be able to face off with the 8-star primary demonic tune easily.

"7-star demonic tunist books?"

Guild Leader Han and Wu shi traded gazes before shaking their heads simultaneously.

One of them was a formation master whereas the other was a master teacher. While Wu shi had seven 7-star supporting occupation, it happened that demonic tunist was not one of them. As such, he didn't have such books with him.

"That will make things even more troublesome then." Zhang Xuan frowned.

If he couldn't raise his capabilities as a demonic tunist, it would be extremely hard for him to suppress the demonic tune.

After a moment of hesitation, Zhang Xuan said, "Why don't we do this? The both of you try to take care of the group here, make sure that they don't overexert themselves. If they are really reaching their limit, feed them a pill or something so as to replenish their zhenqi and stamina. Meanwhile, I will be trying to find the source of the sound. If I am able to find it, I might just be able to resolve the problem."

Since it was impossible for him to overcome with brute force, he would just have to search for the origin of the sound. Perhaps, he might be able to find a flaw regarding it there and destroy it at its source.

"Un. We will be troubling Principal Zhang then."

The duo bowed deeply.

Left with no other alternatives, this was the best option they had.

"There's no need to stand on ceremony." Zhang Xuan hurriedly helped them up before rushing in the direction where the sound of the breeze seemed to have come from.

The sound of the breeze was extremely faint, but there was a certain quality to it that left one feeling as if the world was spinning should one attempt to focus one's hearing on it.

Had it not been for Zhang Xuan refining his soul further through the lava, he might have succumbed then and there.

Still feeling a little worried, Zhang Xuan took a glance backward and saw Wu Shi and Guild Leader Han feeding a few of the combat masters who had just spurted blood earlier several pills, and their pale complexions alleviated considerably.

While the demonic tune causes a cultivator to deplete their zhenqi and stamina unnecessarily, it isn't really that dangerous. As long as the others are able to consume pills in time to replenish their energy, they should be able to hold on for quite a while, Zhang Xuan noted.

Even so, they were still marching forward uncontrollably, as if puppets on a string. At this point, they had also realized something was amiss, and they attempted to struggle against it as well. However, their efforts were completely futile.

To be completely helpless despite knowing that one was headed toward danger, unable to escape or retaliate... It was due to this that demonic tunists were so feared throughout the Master Teacher Continent, such that even the Hongyuan Master Teacher Academy had a specialized school devoted to the occupation.

After flying for around half an hour, Zhang Xuan came to an abrupt stop and frowned. He had flown several hundred kilometers, and yet, he realized that there was no change in the breeze sound at all. This meant that he wasn't even close to finding its source.

Wasn't the area of the sound a little too vast?

Taking himself as an example, the demonic tunes he played could place anyone within a radius of several hundred meters into a trance, and anything beyond that would be extremely strenuous and difficult for him. Even for an 8-star demonic tunist, it was unimaginable that the other party was capable of playing music that could span over a radius of several hundred kilometers!

If that was the case, wouldn't an 8-star demonic tunist be able to place several hundred million men into a trance simultaneously just by playing within the capital of any empire? Not even master teachers wielded prowess comparable to that!

At this point, Zhang Xuan suddenly recalled a certain urban legend from his previous life known as the supernatural wall 1 . Could this be the work of the Spatial Formation? I am certain that I have been walking in a single direction, but somehow, it seems as if I have been walking in circles, making no progress whatsoever.

Could it have been that his senses had been distorted to make him walk in endless circles?

In truth, such happenings weren't too rare in formations either.

Many Beguilement Formations had the effect of messing with a person's sense of direction or even the compass in their hands. They might be thinking that they were headed east, but in truth, they were headed in an entirely different direction.

Since this area has the effect of confusing one's sense of direction, I should set up a formation to help me with my directions.

Frowning, Zhang Xuan flicked his wrist and took out a couple of formation flags.

He might have been unable to oppose the sound of the breeze with his current mastery of demonic tunes, but his proficiency in formations had already reached 7-star pinnacle.



He could easily set up a formation that could help him navigate his way through the Spatial Formation.

Many formations flashed through Zhang Xuan's mind, and before long, a certain blueprint stood out. With a smile, he flicked his wrist.

Hu!

The formation flags immediately scattered from his hands, landing in specific positions.

Weng!

With a buzz, the formation came to life. Standing in the middle of it, Zhang Xuan closed his eyes.

Zhang Xuan smirked. As I thought! My sense of direction has indeed been distorted!

Through the formation, he could instantaneously tell that the direction he had been heading in previously was leading him in endless circles.

It seemed like the demonic tune wasn't the only thing that one had to be aware of in the Spatial Formation. If he hadn't noticed the issue with his sense of direction, he might very well have ended up walking for an eternity without walking out of the formation.

The old principal and the others should have taken the 'Direction Probing Needle', which Wu Yangzi forged all those years ago, with them. While the Direction Probing Needle isn't a saint artifact, it is exceptionally effective in identifying directions. Most likely, it was due to such an artifact that they were able to find their way out of this Spatial Formation, Zhang Xuan thought.

It was apparent that the old principal had gotten out of the Spatial Formation. Otherwise, he would have reduced to bones long ago, and it would have been impossible for him to send out the Principal's Seal either.

Considering how they were able to find their way out despite possessing a cultivation far lower than Wu Shi and the others, it was certain that they had some kind of valuable artifact on them.

After reading through the many books in the Blacksmith School, Zhang Xuan was aware that there was a treasure that Wu Yangzi had deposited in the Hongyuan Master Teacher Academy known as the Direction Probing Needle!

It was a unique artifact that had been forged out of the elusive Direction Probing Wood. It couldn't be considered a saint artifact, but in the field of finding directions, there were barely any situations where it would fail.

However, it wasn't often that one would be in a situation that required such a tool, and Wu Yangzi didn't think that he would need it either. Thus, he had decided to donate it to the Hongyuan Master Teacher Academy.

Before heading to Firesource City to meet the others, Zhang Xuan had visited the treasure vault of the academy, but he didn't find the Direction Probing Needle in there. Most likely, the old principal had borrowed it for the exploration of the ancient domain.

It was also fortunate that he had done so as well.



Of course, how long they took to clear the ancient domain was another matter entirely. Considering the limitations of the old principal's cultivation, it should have taken him a while to snap out from the trance of the demonic tunes, and he probably needed a little more time to realize the peculiarity regarding the Spatial Formation. In any case, Zhang Xuan didn't think that the old principal and his expedition team would have been able to resolve the matter as quickly as he did.

After all, even Wu Shi only realized that there was something amiss but couldn't pinpoint what it was back then. Zhang Xuan was the only one who had been able to see everything clearly due to his imperviousness to demonic tunes.

After confirming the direction, he leaped out from the formation and began flying in the direction he had identified via his formation earlier.

However, after flying roughly ten kilometers, he suddenly felt that he might have deviated from his original path once more. Thus, he quickly set up the same formation once more and swiftly found the correct direction before proceeding ahead.

After repeating the same cycle thrice, he finally found a massive stone tablet of three meters tall and two meters wide towering before him. It had a slightly pale exterior that

seemed to hint at the long history behind it, battered by the wind and rain alike for many years.

It was vibrating gently, emitting a pleasant sound that intoxicated minds.

Walking up to it, Zhang Xuan saw three massive words inscribed majestically on it.

'The Unbounded World?'

Zhang Xuan frowned.

Gazing further down, he noticed several lines of smaller words written beneath the three massive words.

'All who enter the Unbounded World will be placed under the effects of a demonic tune, falling into a trance. Only those with the most resolute of minds will be able to break free of the trance and forge a path through this maze that I have built.

'Those who are capable of breaking free of the demonic tunes and find their way here within three days will be bestowed with my secret art. Those who manage to do so within ten days will be granted a life-changing encounter. Those who exceed ten days, I can only say that your aptitude is lacking. Since it is fate that you managed to find this tablet, allow me to advise you to leave this land as soon as possible!'

After reading the words on the tablet, Zhang Xuan blinked vacantly.

From the point that I stepped through the door till this moment, I think... it hasn't even been an hour yet. To bestow a secret art upon those who manage to find this tablet within three days, isn't this test a little too easy? Surely, there can't be any who are so foolish as to not realize that something is amiss even after three whole days, right? Zhang Xuan thought as he turned his gaze further lower down the stone tablet.

Several words in a different handwriting from those above came into sight.

'I, Zhang Yinqiu, together with my team, was lost within these lands for around half a month. With my humble capabilities, I dare not expect to earn anything out of this ancient domain. All I hope is that I arrived in time to stop the Otherworldly Demons.'

The old principal was lost in the Spatial Formation for more than half a month? Zhang Xuan's lips twitched awkwardly. Who would have thought that there are really people that foolish?

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